

So I Touch Myself Sometimes

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Summary: What's a guy to do when your attractive best friend and room mate is the only thing you can think of? More so when said best friend sneaks a peek through the crack of the door. Rated M for a reason.

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Word count: 1,891

Pairing: Hijack

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Hiccup was quiet as he closed the apartment door behind himself to shut out the world, the stress of a long day at school and place his school bag down on the arm chair that was kept by the door just for that very reason. Long fingers began running through auburn hair, streaking it with oil and grease from his engineering class, tinkering with engines and putting them back together after taking them apart. It was tiring, but Hiccup loved it all the same. Though he hated the way he smelled during the after math slash clean up. But it was much better then smelling like fish or something as he thought of the times his father and family friend Gobber would go fishing and return smelling of the swimming, scaled creatures themselves.

"Hey Jack, you home?" He called out loudly into the apartment, moving to remove his usual fur lined jacket that protected him from the November chill and incoming winter that was making itself known in the college town. "Jack?" he called once more to both his best friend and room mate. The two had pulled together the funds for an apartment, deciding sharing a place would be easier and nicer then

dealing with the dorms and the chances of getting an asshole for a room mate. Or worse. Pitch and Snoutlout. And so far, the two were correct and were having the time of their young college lives as best friends and room mates together. Yet it was the silence that was getting to Hiccup as he made his way through the apartment, thoughts on a shower. Silence with Jack was unusual and honestly, it was worrisome with the hair dye loving teen. The last time Jack had been silent, he had fallen asleep in the bath and had nearly drowned himself dreaming he was falling in a lake of calm with the moon over head. Hiccup quickened his steps, all thoughts of a shower from his mind as he went to the far end of the small apartment and to Jack's room which was across from his own. The door was cracked open. Okay, that wasn't so weird, Jack did that to make sure his room stayed cool or when too lazy to bother so most of the time. Peeking into the room, green eyes widened and ears flushing scarlet at the sight, the sounds and words coming from his best friend. No, not the words, the single word. The name coming from his lips.

"Hiccup."

Hiccup's breathing hitched at the sound of his name coming from his best friend slash roommate pale lips as he watched said male palm himself through the ridiculous boxers with snowflakes he insisted on wearing so often. Hiccup would never admit they were cute and fit the others ass wonderfully well. No, no! He wasn't suppose to have these thoughts about his supposedly straight best friend. Oh god, that's right. Jack was straight- err, is! So why is he saying his name? Moaning his name in fact slowly. What happened to that Anna girl he was flirting with? What happened to her and her colorful pixie cut and perfect teeth and small, button nose and small height and girl-ness and perky breasts? What happened to- there went the boxer briefs to the edge of the bed, Jack's hand shamelessly pumping himself, pausing enough to run his thumb over the tip and groan low in his throat, arching his back off his bed as he slipped his fingernail gently into the slit.

This was wrong, this was invading his best friends privacy, more so then taking an almost obsessive habit to stare at his ass when ever he had the chance without Jack knowing, more so then the hobby of his to wonder how those lips tasted when the male was working on homework and biting his lower lip in thought, more then wanting those teeth to scrape along his collarbone instead of gnaw at his pencil in frustration during class. It was even worse then the many times since Hiccup first learned what exactly masturbation was the times that the white haired male went through his mind as he was touching himself. Yet even with how wrong it was, Hiccup was refusing to look away, ignoring the growing problem in his jeans. He did however cover his mouth with a hand to hide any sounds made by accident.

The young engineer REALLY wanted to get a closer view.

Jack on the other hand was torn between his wants and desires of both his body and heart and what his mind was telling him. He was straight, wasn't he? He had dated girls, had sex with girls, he liked girls, but damn did he like and want Hiccup. It was screwed up, his best friend, the guy he had known since they first moved next door to each other with Jack as a bundle of ADHD energy and Hiccup, the foreign kid with a serious thing for dragons. They had been three. Shit, fuck, how could Jack think of the past though when pleasure coursed through his veins? Jack's fingers squeezed along the base of

his cock, prolonging his orgasm as long as he could, images of the auburn haired college student coming to mind. For a mere moment the hand slackened in it's hold before blue eyes opened and glanced to the ceiling, taking deep breaths, panting to himself as he thought over this entire crazy, cluster fuck of a situation. He was thinking of his best friend of over ten years, he was thinking of him in ways that were not normal for a best friend more so for two male best friends where one of them was believed to be straight as a pole. Maybe just maybe there was a curve in the pole? Perhaps that it was just . . . Hiccup? That he was gay for? So his pole had a hiccup shaped curve? After all, he found the guy sexy in all forms of appeal when growing up and when they were in 'big boy pull ups' and their parents would allow them to bath together until the awkward age of five and a half when they discovered penis' were fun to tug on and giggled in the bath and toyed around.

Good times.

Shaking the thoughts, Jack slowly started his pace once more, arching his back and grunting softly as the mental images returned to his mind. The thought of Hiccup splayed between his open thighs, a grin on those devilish lips, freckles highlighted in a delicious pink flush that Jack knew so well from growing up with the goober. He knew the way those buck teeth would bite at the lower lip, worrying it til it turned red, further in color from arousal, cheeks matching, the green of his eyes darkening to shades that Jack could only dream of. His mind showed those eyelids lowering, a tongue flickering from Hiccup's lips to wet them before pushing further out to run along the tip of his cock, his thumb mimicking the actions in his mind. That mouth slowly leaned in, covering the tip and giving a slow and gentle suckle, a small slurp sound coming from those lips, lewd sounds that made Jack buck his hips into his hand and groan low, loud. His free hand moved to cover his mouth, grunting into it, slipping a knuckle between his teeth to bite down with the pleasure.

"Fuck, Hiccup." The name slipped from his lips once more, muffled only a bit by the knuckle in his mouth as his fingers continued to pump along his arousal, thumb circling the head slowly, changing pace with the image in his mind, following what Hiccup was doing in his head. Was there seriously anything sexier then Hiccup with his eyes slipped to half mast, his mouth filled and full, a small dribble of drool slipping from the corner and both hands gripping pale thighs of Jacks? No, no there was not to Jack. No girl could make a better sight, no guy could either then the one Hiccup was in his brain. Of course, it could be easily topped by the real thing. Not that Jack would ever mention what plagued his mind for the last year they had roomed together, that they lived together as best friends. How could he explain that those girls were a cover? That he couldn't even get hard around them without thinking of auburn hair and freckled cheeks? If Hiccup were to find out that he had spent most of those nights talking to the girls instead of sex and confessing to them the love he had for his friend, Hiccup would never speak to him again.

Hiccup himself was having trouble keeping his mind to him, peeping through the cracked open door and watching without a hint of shame. No, there was shame, it was just buried deep, hidden by the arousal he felt by the sight before him and wanting more then he could ever put into words. Would jack kill him if he slipped into the room and started to help his best friend stroking himself? Would help him reach orgasm and lap up the cum? Would it be too much or wrong with

how badly he wanted him and oh god, Jack moaned his name again and was speeding up his hand as the mental image in Jack's mind was taking him further into his mouth and sucking him harder, moaning low, looking up at him as lewd sounds came past those lips. A drop of precum slipped from the head, swiped up by his thumb to make the strokes slick and faster, easier.

Jack could see the flickering of lights behind his eyes dancing as he pushed himself further, his mouth opening in a groan of pleasure, a dribble of saliva at the corner of his mouth and fuck fuck fuck fuck yeeesssss. Jack felt his chest get tight, eyes close hard and a loud, desperate moan escape as orgasm washed over him, pushing at him hard and fast. Thick cum slipped over his fingers were they cupped over the tip to contain it a bit. Hiccup watched with large eyes as Jack panted for breath, stroking slowly to milk his climax and not make a mess with the seed in his hand and on his fingers. He wanted to go in, wanted to do something and it wasn't until he was slipping into the room did he realize that he had moved already and was speaking.

"You know, it would be easier to just take what you want instead of fantasizing."

Jack sat up quickly, hands pushing him up and smearing thick seed onto his sheets and blankets, looking to Hiccup who was grinning so wickedly, so brightly and stripping off his shirt. Green eyes had darkened and promised there would be a second time and discovering hidden desires both of them kept hidden for so long.

"Now that you have an idea of what you want, how about I show you how a real viking would do it, Jack."

End
file.